When the Righties met

an alien sidled in. “Get
rid of that cocksucker!”
screamed the Chair.

“Communist, Socialist,
I don’t give a crap! Bum’s

Rush to all lazy, useless
bleeding hearts anyways!”

“What was it?” whispered
Vice Chair beneath psy-
chotic musings of a minister.

“An idea,” dismissed
Recording Secretary,
Mixy Heather Truel.